STUMPTOWN™

GREG RUCKA MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH LEE LOUGHRIDGE

ONI PRESS

ISSUE #1

STUMPTOWN™

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written by
GREG RUCKA

illustrated by
MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH

colored by
LEE LOUGHRIDGE

design by
KEITH WOOD

edited by
JAMES LUCAS JONES

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editor in chief JAMES LUCAS JONES
managing editor RANDAL C. JARRELL
art director KEITH WOOD
director of marketing CORY CASONI
assistant editor JILL BEATON
production assistant DOUGLAS E. SHERWOOD
foreign rights coordinator GREG THOMPSON

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I DON'T SUPPOSE WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS?

NO, WE CAN'T.

OKAY OKAY OKAY, SO I DIDN'T TAKE THE *HINT*--

--I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D BE *UPSET* ABOUT THAT, DILL.

IT'S DILL, RIGHT?

DILL, SEE, I CAN *UNDERSTAND* WHY YOU'D BE *ANGRY*. . .

. . . BUT YOU'VE *MADE* YOUR *POINT* . . .

. . .YOU AND, UH. . . AND THE WHALE HERE--

--YOU GUYS HAVE *MADE* YOUR POINT, *BELIEVE* ME.

YOUR *POINT* HAS BEEN *MADE.* SERIOUSLY. . .

. . .I *SWEAR* I WON'T BOTHER YOU GUYS AGAIN.

GOT THAT RIGHT.

KRAK
KRAK

TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS EARLIER.

WHISPERING WINDS CASINO & RESORT

SEVEN OUT!

NEW SHOOTER, NEW SHOOTER!

SHOOTER COMING OUT! POINT IS EIGHT!

TEN IN THE FIELD!

GIMME FIVE ON SIX, FIVE ON TEN!

CAN I INCREASE MY BET? IS THAT OKAY?

GIMME ALL OF IT...

...EIGHT THE *HARD* WAY.

I'M FEELING LUCKY.

SEVEN OUT!

NEW SHOOTER! PLACE YOUR BETS!

NEW SHOOTER COMING OUT! NEW SHOOTER!

YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE SUCH A *BAD* GAMBLER?

BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW *WHEN* TO *QUIT.*

SURE I DO, HOLLIS.

YOU'RE *SMART* ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT, BUT YOU STILL KEEP TRYING TO TAKE ON THE *HOUSE.*

CONSISTENTLY ABOUT A *MINUTE* TOO *LATE.*

HOW'S ANSEL?

HE'S *FINE.* HE'S AT *HOME* TONIGHT.

LISTEN, HOLLIS, YOU THINK YOU CAN CONVINCE THE HOUSE TO GIVE ME *ANOTHER* FIVE THOUSAND IN *CREDIT--*

SUE-LYNNE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

OH, C'MON. . .

"...IT'S NOT LIKE I OWE YOU GUYS THAT MUCH."

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED, AND SIXTEEN DOLLARS, DUE TO THE CONFEDERATED TRIBES OF THE WIND COAST.

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED...?

...AND SIXTEEN, YES, SIT DOWN, CHILD.

I'M GOOD FOR IT.

SIT *DOWN.*

I'M *GOOD* FOR IT, SUE-LYNNE.

YOU ARE *NOT.*

I *AM,* I CAN--

YOU HAVE NINETY-THREE DOLLARS AND FORTY-SIX CENTS IN YOUR ACCOUNT AT SOUTH UMPQUA, CHILD.

AND YOU'VE MAXED OUT ALL OF YOUR CREDIT CARDS.

HOW'S ANSEL, BY THE WAY?

HE'S FINE, I'LL TELL HIM YOU ASKED.

YOU DIDN'T BRING ME UP HERE TO TELL ME I'M ***BROKE*** OR TO ASK ABOUT ANSEL, SUE-LYNNE.

CHARLOTTE'S RUN OFF.

MAYBE WITH A BOY.

YOU'RE GOING TO FIND HER.

WHICH ONE'S CHARLOTTE?

NOT THE ONE AT LEWIS AND CLARK?

DEBBIE'S YOUNGEST, SHE'S EIGHTEEN. THE ONE WHOSE FATHER DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH.

THAT'S ANNALEE, SHE'S A JUNIOR. FOUR-POINT-OH LAST SEMESTER.

YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD.

I'M PROUD OF *ALL* OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN.

EVEN THE ONES WHO RUN OFF?

ALL OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN.

"MAYBE WITH A BOY."

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IS CHARLOTTE QUEER?

CHARLOTTE IS *IMMATURE* AND TOO *PRETTY* FOR HER OWN GOOD.

I SUSPECT A *BOY,* BUT I HAVE NO PROOF, ONLY THAT SHE TOLD HER MOTHER THAT SHE WAS SEEING *SOMEONE.*

RUN OFF ISN'T THE SAME AS GONE *MISSING.* SHE'S *EIGHTEEN,* SHE'S *NOT* A MINOR.

IF SHE'S OFF ROLLING AROUND WITH A BOY OR A GIRL OR EVEN *BOTH* AT *ONCE,* THAT'S *HER* BUSINESS.

HOW LONG SINCE ANYONE HEARD FROM HER?

FOUR DAYS. NO ONE'S SEEN HER. SHE'S NOT ANSWERING HER CELL. NO ONE'S AT HER APARTMENT. HER CAR'S *STILL* THERE.

REALLY?

OF COURSE REALLY, CHILD. YOU THINK I'M MAKING THIS UP?

YOU CHARGE SIX-FIFTY A DAY, PLUS EXPENSES. YOU WILL *WAIVE* YOUR FEE, AND IN RETURN, I WILL WAIVE YOUR *DEBT* TO THE CASINO.

IN THE ENVELOPE IS ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH, TO COVER IMMEDIATE EXPENSES . . .

. . . AS WELL AS THE MOST RECENT PHOTO OF CHARLOTTE I COULD FIND.

SHE LIVES IN PORTLAND, HAS AN APARTMENT OUT ON NORTHEAST ONE-EIGHTEENTH.

I'LL EXPECT DAILY PROGRESS REPORTS.

HOLLIS WILL SEE YOU OUT.

I LIKE THE PART WHERE YOU'VE GIVEN ME A *CHOICE* HERE.

YOU *DO* HAVE A CHOICE, CHILD.

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED, AND SIXTEEN DOLLARS OF *CHOICE*.

DAILY REPORTS, LIKE I SAID.

CHARLOTTE'S *CAR*. WHAT'S SHE DRIVE?

IT MAKE SENSE TO YOU SHE *RAN* OFF BUT DIDN'T TAKE HER *CAR*?

ONE OF THOSE *LITTLE* ONES. A MINI. WHY?

PERHAPS YOU CAN ASK HER ABOUT IT WHEN YOU FIND HER.

HOLLIS WILL SHOW YOU OUT.

TWENTY-THREE HOURS EARLIER.

STUMPTOWN
INVESTIGATIONS 503-389-2135

ANSEL?

ANSEL!

UP *STAIRS!*

OREGON ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED INVESTIGATORS

KEDRINE CALLISTO PARIOS

ANSEL, DAMMIT...

...WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING *UP?*

I WAS I WAS I WAS *WAITING* FOR *YOU* TO GET *H-HOME...*

...HOW MUCH DID-DIDJA *LOSE?*

PUNK.

SUE-LYNNE AND HOLLIS SAY HI, BY THE WAY.

I LIKE THEM.

YEAH, THEY'RE *GREAT.*

ARE . . .ARE Y-YOU *MAD?*

AT *ME?*

I'M NOT *MAD* AT YOU, ANSEL.

YOU *LOST* A *LOT.*

I GOT A *JOB.*

THAT'S GOOD?

WE'LL SEE.

BUT YOU'VE GOT A JOB, *TOO*, AND YOU NEED YOUR *SLEEP* TO DO IT.

I JUST WANTED TO PLAY SOCCER.

I KNOW.

NOW GO TO *BED*, LITTLE BROTHER.

OKAY, BIG SISTER.

NIGHT-NIGHT.

G'NIGHT.

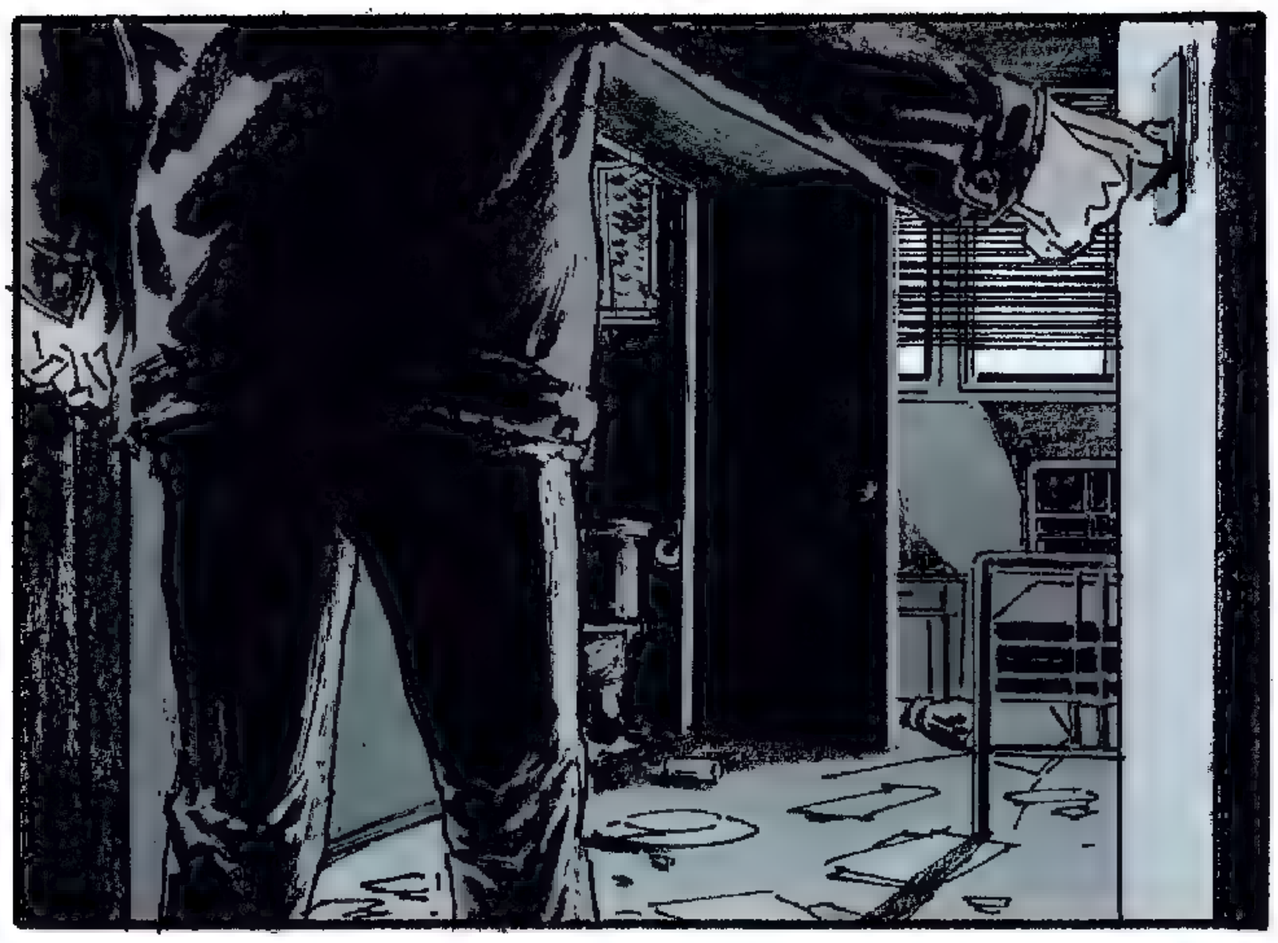
FOURTEEN HOURS EARLIER.

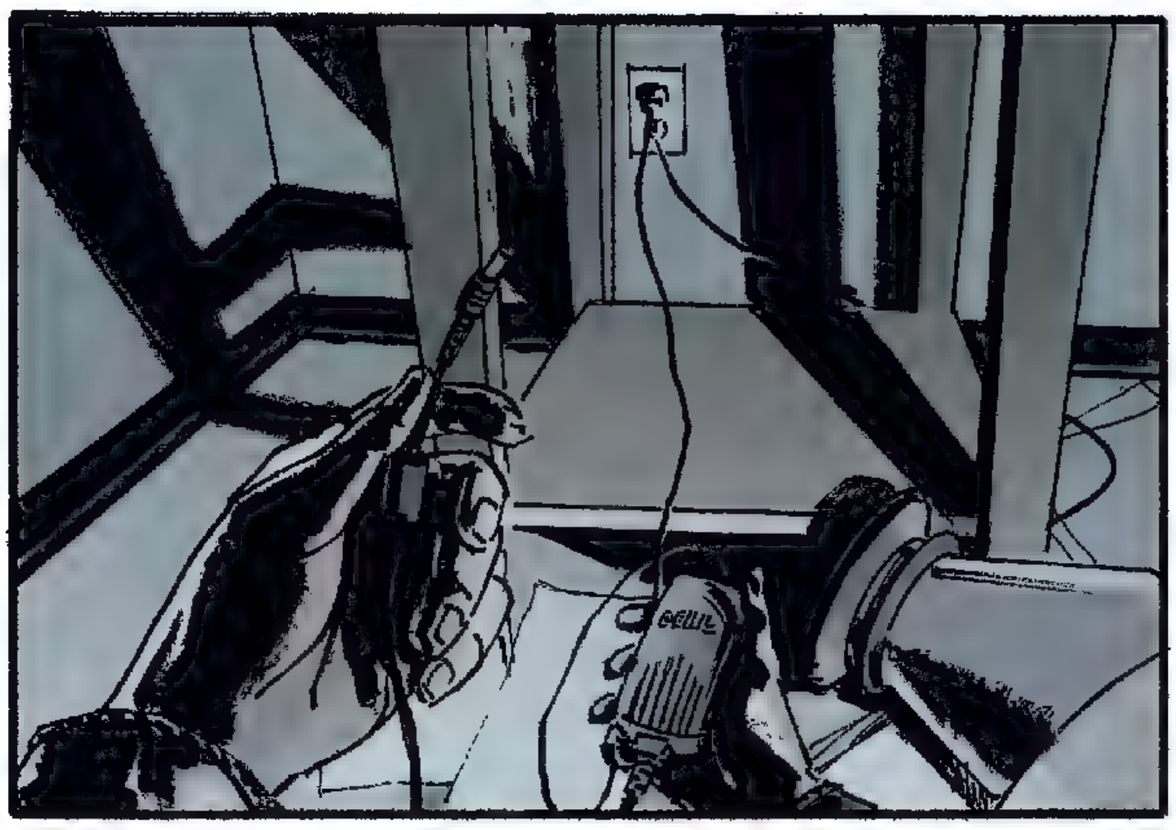
CHARLOTTE?

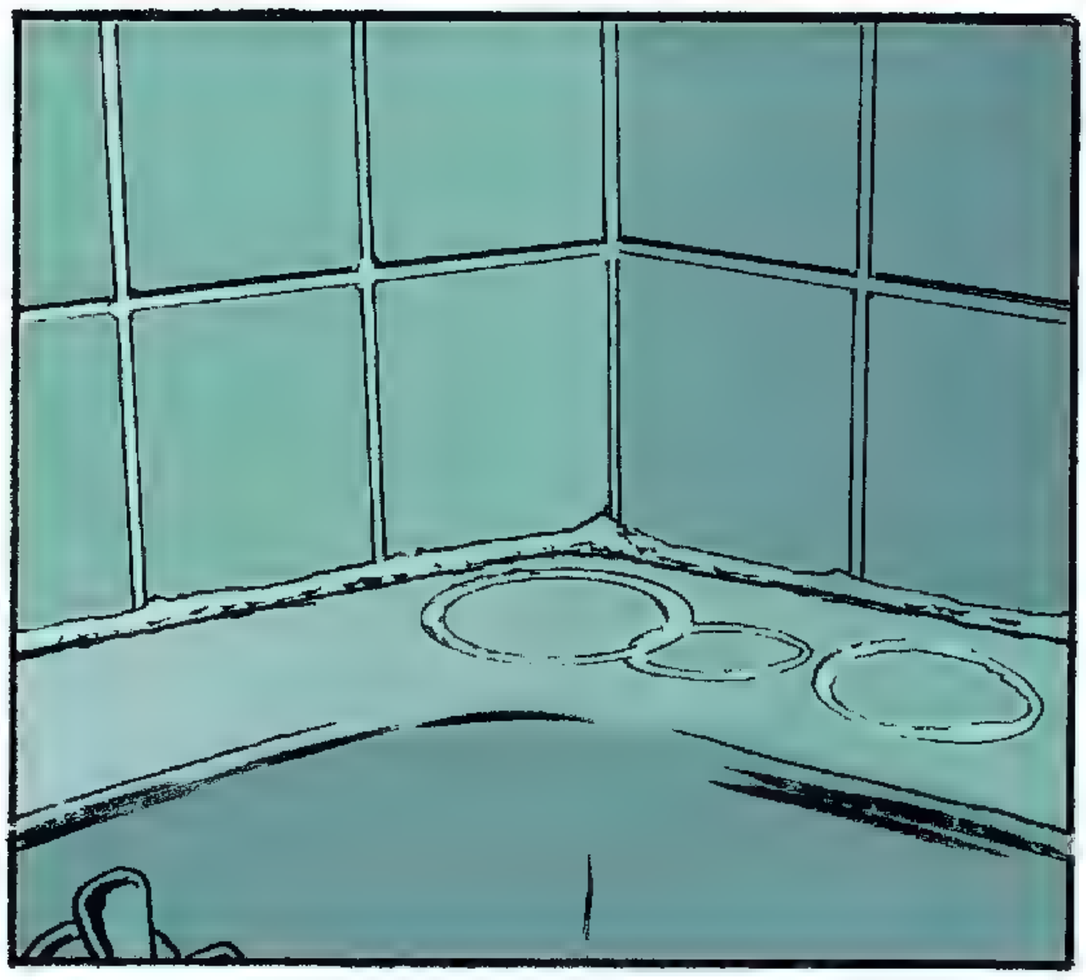
CHARLOTTE SUPPA?

I'M A FRIEND OF SUE-LYNNE'S. . .

. . . YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU . . .







HEY, TRACY, IT'S ME-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *WHO?*

. . . FUNNY GIRL, I LOVE COPS WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, LISTEN . . .

. . . I'M GONNA *TEXT* YOU AN *ADDRESS*. COULD YOU RUN IT, SEE IF THERE'S BEEN ANY *ACTIVITY* OUT HERE THE LAST WEEK OR SO? . . .

. . . NO, JUST IF A UNIT CAME BY ON A CALL, ANY DISTURBANCES, LIKE THAT. . .

. . . CHARLOTTE SUPPA . . .YES, I *AM* WORKING . . .

. . . THANKS, TRACY, YOU'RE A DOLL . . .

. . . I'LL TELL HIM YOU SAID HI.

GOTTA GO.

IT'S A '64.

YOU WANT TO TALK *PRICE*, IT'S FOR *SALE*.

IT'S A PIECE OF *SHIT*.

WHAT IT LACKS IN *LOOKS* IT MAKES UP FOR IN *STYLE*.

YOU'RE, UH... YOU'RE *BLOCKING* THE DOOR, BIG GUY.

THE *ROOF* LEAKS.

NO, IT DOESN'T. I JUST HAD IT *FIXED*.

YEAH, IT DOES.

AW, C'MON, MAN. WHY YOU GOTTA GO AND DO *THAT*?

HEY--

--NHHNNGG!

AHH! CUT IT OUT!!

HE'LL PULL IT CLEAN OUT OF ITS *SOCKET,* GIRLIE.

SO DON'T PLAY *DUMB.* WHERE'S CHARLOTTE?

YEAH, YOU KNOW WHAT?

DON'T GET MIXED UP IN OTHER PEOPLE'S *BUSINESS.* YOU LEAVE IT *ALONE,* GET IT?

WHERE'S CHARLOTTE?

CHARLOTTE *WHO?*

TRUST ME, I *KNEW,* I'D TELL YOU.

I *BELIEVE* YOU.

YEAH. GOT IT.

HNNF

OW.

UH . . .
HELLO . . .

. . . DON'T SUPPOSE EITHER OF YOU GOT THE *LICENSE* . . .

. . . ON THAT CAR, UH . . .

. . . YEAH, I'M *FINE*, THANKS FOR *ASKING* . . .

ELEVEN HOURS EARLIER.

MISTER MARENCO IS THIS WAY.

YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YOU'RE HECTOR MARENCO.

THAT'S MY *NAME.*

I ASKED IF YOU KNEW WHO I *AM.*

WILLIAM IS GOING TO *SEARCH* YOU.

HE TELLS ME WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR, I CAN *SAVE* HIM THE *TROUBLE.*

HE'LL WANT TO DO IT HIMSELF.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I *AM?*

YOU'RE THE SEVENTH *WEALTHIEST* MAN IN OREGON, AND IN THE STATE WHERE *NIKE* AND *INTEL* ARE BASED, THAT'S NO MEAN FEAT.

YOU RUN SOME HALF-DOZEN BUSINESSES FROM *SHIPPING* TO *CONSTRUCTION.*

YOU'RE TIGHT WITH CITY GOVERNMENT IN PORTLAND, AND *NOTHING* PASSES THE CITY COUNCIL *HERE* IN COAST CITY WITHOUT YOUR BLESSING.

AND?

AND ACCORDING TO *SOME* PEOPLE, YOU'RE THE HEAD OF MS-13 IN THE PNW.

SO IF YOU'RE TRYING TO *SCARE* ME, CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER MARENCO, YOU'VE *SUCCEEDED.*

I DON'T *WANT* TO SCARE YOU.

COULD'VE FOOLED ME.

I JUST WANT TO BE CERTAIN WE'RE ON THE *SAME* PAGE.

PDA. NOTHING ELSE.

WILLIAM WILL HOLD *ONTO* THAT UNTIL WE'RE *FINISHED*.

WORRIED I'LL CALL SOMEONE?

THINK OF IT AS PROTECTION FOR US BOTH. THIS WAY THERE'S NO FEAR WHAT WE SAY WILL BE *RECORDED*.

COME . . .

. . . JOIN ME.

WHISPERING WINDS

I *LOVE* THE OCEAN, NO MATTER THE *SEASON*. IN WINTER WITH ITS TURBULENCE AND FURY, IN SUMMER WITH ITS FROST AND CHILL.

IT IS *BRUTAL* IN ITS *HONESTY*. POWERFUL, LIMITLESS, AND *UNFORGIVING*.

IT IS *NEVER* TO BE *IGNORED*.

A BEAUTIFUL *VIEW*, DON'T YOU AGREE?

YOU HAVE A SON, TOO.

OSCAR, YES. HE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE.

SIT.

NOT YOUR WIFE?

A LITTLE *YOUNG* FOR ME. MY DAUGHTER, ISABEL.

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CHARLOTTE SUPPA, AND PLEASE, *SPARE* ME THE ASININE *DENIALS* AND CLAIMS OF *CONFIDENTIALITY.*

WHO HIRED YOU?

I CAN'T ANSWER THAT.

SIGH

LET'S TRY *ANOTHER* WAY. HOW *MUCH* ARE YOU BEING *PAID?*

CALL IT EIGHTEEN GRAND, GIVE OR TAKE.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND. YOU ARE NOT VERY *EXPENSIVE*, ARE YOU?

I'M A CHEAP DATE. DOESN'T MEAN I'M *EASY.*

I WILL PAY YOU *TWICE* THAT AMOUNT, IN *CASH,* FOR FINDING HER.

YOU'RE OFFERING TO PAY ME TO DO WHAT I'M *ALREADY* DOING?

THE MONEY IS FOR CONTACTING ME ONCE YOU FIND HER. CONTACTING ME *FIRST,* AND TELLING ME WHERE SHE *IS.*

WHY?

THAT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU.

SURE IT DOES.

NO. IT DOESN'T.

WILLIAM HAS PUT A NUMBER WHERE I CAN BE *REACHED* IN YOUR *PHONE.*

HE'LL ARRANGE FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION BACK TO PORTLAND.

I DIDN'T SAY I'D *DO* IT, MISTER MARENCO.

I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU.

YOU. YOU'RE *NOT* ONE OF MY *BROTHER'S.*

I'M *NOT?*

A LITTLE TOO *OLD* FOR HIM.

THAT'S OKAY . . .

. . . I LIKE *OLDER* WOMEN.

SHE'S, UH . . . *PERKY.*

I CAN DIG THAT.

YOU DON'T *WANT* TO "DIG" *THAT.*

YOU HAVE *ENOUGH* TROUBLE ALREADY.

THREE HOURS EARLIER.

. . . IT'S JUST THE *ROOF*, MITCH, IT CAN'T BE *THAT* MUCH . . .

. . . I DON'T *WANT* TO DUCT-TAPE IT, I WANT IT *REPLACED*, IT'S A SHEET OF *CANVAS* . . .

. . . NO, WITH A SWITCHBLADE . . .

. . . NO, *NOT* MINE, YOU ASSHOLE . . .

OFF

YOU SHOULDN'T- SHOULDN'T *SWEAR.*

HE WASN'T ASKING *YOU* FOR TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO FIX THE *ROOF* ON THE MUSTANG!

T-T-TRACY CALLED.

SHE DID? WHAT'D SHE *SAY?*

YOU WERE *OUT.*

WHAT'D SHE *SAY*, ANSEL?

SHE'S *NICE.* SHE'LL C-CALL CALL *BACK.*

CAN I CAN I CAN I CAN I PLAY HALO NOW?

KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, LITTLE BRO . . .

rhngg rhngg

. . . BUT *NO* GOING ONLINE! I DON'T WANT YOU TRASH-TALKING THAT CAPTAIN COLD GUY AGAIN!

YEAH, THIS IS--

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

CHARLOTTE?

YOU'RE WORKING FOR *HIM*, AREN'T YOU? HE WANTS YOU TO FIND *ME*.

I'M WORKING FOR YOUR *GRANDMOTHER*, CHARLOTTE. SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU. YOUR MOTHER TOO, I EXPECT.

CHARLOTTE?. . . CHARLOTTE, YOU STILL THERE . . .?

. . . YES . . .

YOU DIDN'T RUN OFF WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND, DID YOU?

YOU'RE HIDING. TOOK ONLY THE STUFF YOU *HAD* TO HAVE, YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES, YOUR TOILETRIES, BUT YOU LEFT YOUR *CAR*.

YOU WERE AFRAID THE CAR WOULD GIVE YOU AWAY.

IF YOU'RE IN *TROUBLE*, I'D LIKE TO *HELP* YOU. I REALLY WOULD.

AND IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE IN *TROUBLE*.

I THINK HE WANTS TO *KILL* ME.

YOU KNOW RINGSIDE? THE RESTAURANT ON BURNSIDE?

. . . YES . . .

THEIR BAR'S OPEN *LATE.*

CAN YOU MEET ME THERE IN AN HOUR?

YOU MEET ME THERE, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I PROMISE . . . CHARLOTTE . . .?

. . . CHARLOTTE?

I'VE GOT TO GO OUT, OKAY, ANSEL?

'KAY.

I MIGHT BE LATE.

'KAY.

YOU SEEN MY VEST?

TWO HOURS EARLIER.

RINGSIDE STEAKHOUSE

LOOK WHO THE RAINS WASHED IN. HOW'S YOUR BROTHER?

KICKING ASS AND TAKING NAMES.

ANYONE BEEN IN LOOKING FOR ME, LEO?

NOT TONIGHT.

GIMME A JACK ROCKS, WATER BACK.

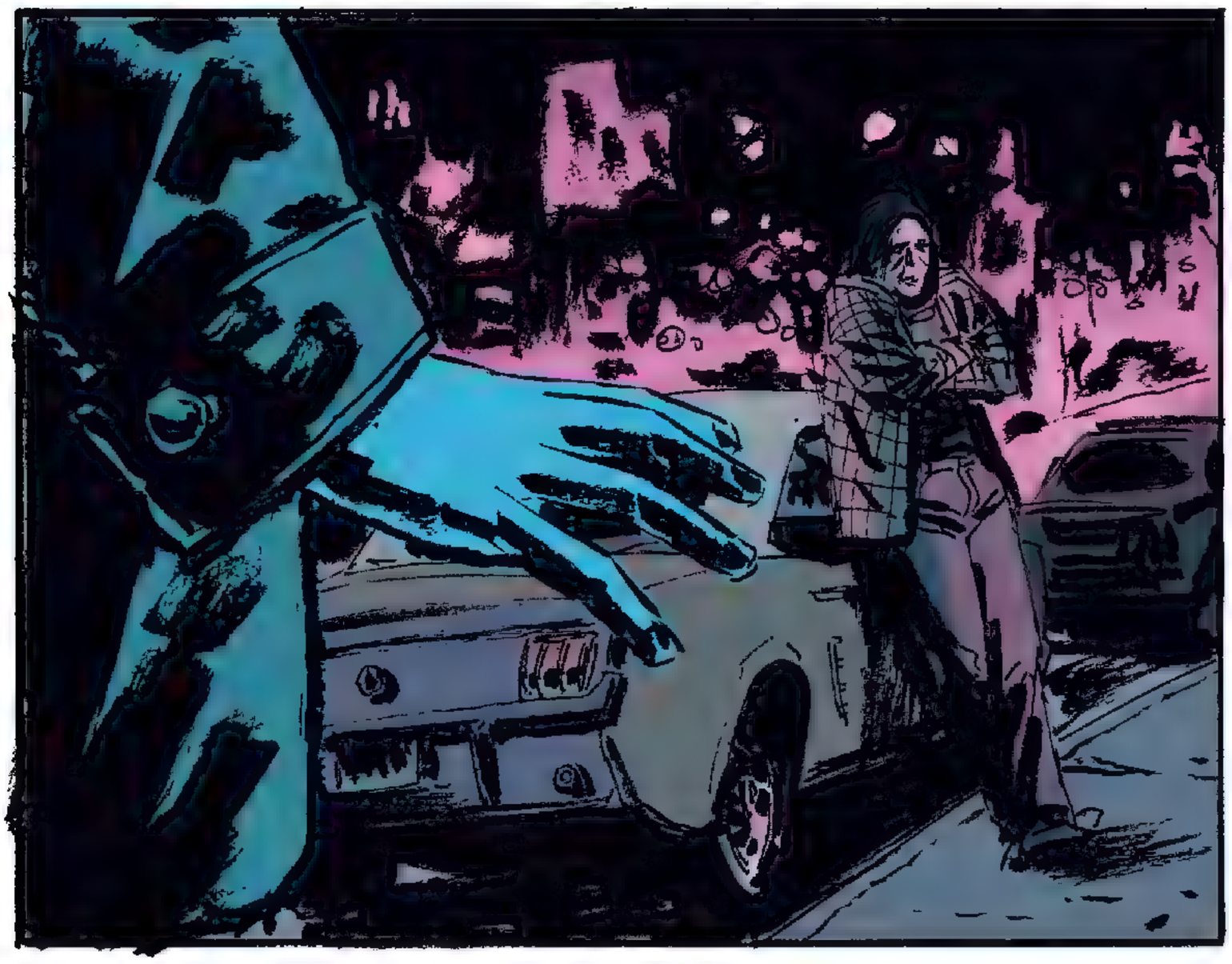
ONE HOUR EARLIER.

GOT STOOD UP?

THANKS FOR THE DRINK.

LOOKS LIKE.

ANY TIME, KID.



AH, SHIT.

TOLD YOU TO STAY *OUT* OF IT.

MAN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M *IN*, ALL RIGHT?

I WAS JUST IN THE BAR, HAVING A *DRINK*, AND...

...AND...AND...

...AND YOU'RE *KIDDING* ME, RIGHT?

YOU GOT ONE WARNING, THAT'S ALL THE WARNING YOU GET.

WHALE!

DILL?

GET THE *CAR*...

...WE'RE TAKING LITTLE MISS CAN'T TAKE A HINT FOR A *RIDE*.

KRAK

KRAK

YOU! LET ME SEE YOUR *HANDS!*

LACE 'EM! LACE 'EM, BEHIND YOUR HEAD!

EASE OFF, FELLAS...

...I'VE HAD A ROUGH TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

WAIT--YOU'RE *ARRESTING* ME?

HOW ABOUT GOING AFTER THE GUY WHO JUST TRIED TO *KILL* ME, HUH?

WHAT GUY WOULD THAT BE? MISTER *DANIELS* OR MISTER *COORS*?

I'M *NOT* DRUNK! TAKE A LOOK AT MY *SHIRT*, DAMMIT!

WE'LL TAKE YOUR STATEMENT AT *BUREAU*.

I'M THE *VICTIM*, HERE!

WE'LL SORT IT OUT AT THE *BUREAU*.

WATCH YOUR *HEAD*.

. . . ARE YOU FUCKING *KIDDING* ME? THAT'S YOUR *FIRST* NAME?

DEXEDRINE C. PARIOS? WHAT'S THE "C" STAND FOR? COCAINE?

AH, JESUS. SHE'S A P.I., HER NAME'S PARIOS.

CALLISTO.

the case of the girl who took her shampoo but left her mini

part one

AND EVERYONE CALLS ME *DEX*.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING?

I think about how I did the things I did before.

"Procrastination" is such a dirty word; I prefer to call it "deliberation," or increasingly I call it "research." It may look like I'm just playing Grand Theft Auto—but I'm actually studying urban design. That's research. I'm working.

Stumptown **is written by a Portland-based author and published by a Portland-based publisher. But I'm in Seattle, only three hours away, so occasionally I'll take a trip down there to make sure things are as accurate as possible. It's always a big disappointment to watch a movie shot in your hometown and find they've gotten it all wrong, that there's no way that character can step outside that building and see that bridge or whatever.**

For each scene in ***Stumptown*****, Greg will give a fairly specific description of its actual location in Portland. Meetings take place in real restaurants and characters live in real neighborhoods. Greg described Dex's home as a Craftsman house in the Alameda district, so I bought some great Dover books on Stickley's Craftsman movement and went crazy looking for Craftsman homes around Seattle.**

On my first extended Portland visit, I spent a few hours tracking down Dex's address, searching for the perfect Craftsman. I found a great house on a less-interesting street but opted for an interesting street with a less-interesting house. So I built a 3D model of the house in Sketchup that diverges from the design of the actual house. This model, on which I spent far too much time, helped me to figure some things out about Dex and her brother, Ansel. The wall on which the TV is mounted is shared by the living room and Dex's bedroom, and I realized that Ansel would get up early to play video games, even when Dex was sleeping in. And even though he'd wake her up, she'd let him, and that's the kind of sister she is.

I drew and re-drew the opening of issue one several times; I'd been unable to find an effective way of getting into the scene until I visited St. John's, a North Portland neighborhood dominated by its massive bridge. I was half-drowned in a heavy rain as I photographed the bridge and the slope down to the water and the Canada geese that use the bridge's pilings as a perch.

Occasionally, research works in reverse. A couple of months ago I found a great old bookstore in downtown Portland. I saw Mother's Bistro across the street and thought "oh, I didn't realize this bookstore was right by Mother's," surprised I'd never noticed it after having been to Mother's so many times.

I'd never been to Mother's. I'd drawn a scene set there, and I'd had to rely on Google for reference. I wonder whether I fooled their regulars.

Whether the reader sees all this material in the final product is an open question; and it may not even be the right question. But it means that at the very least, it won't be (geographically, spatially, historically) wrong.

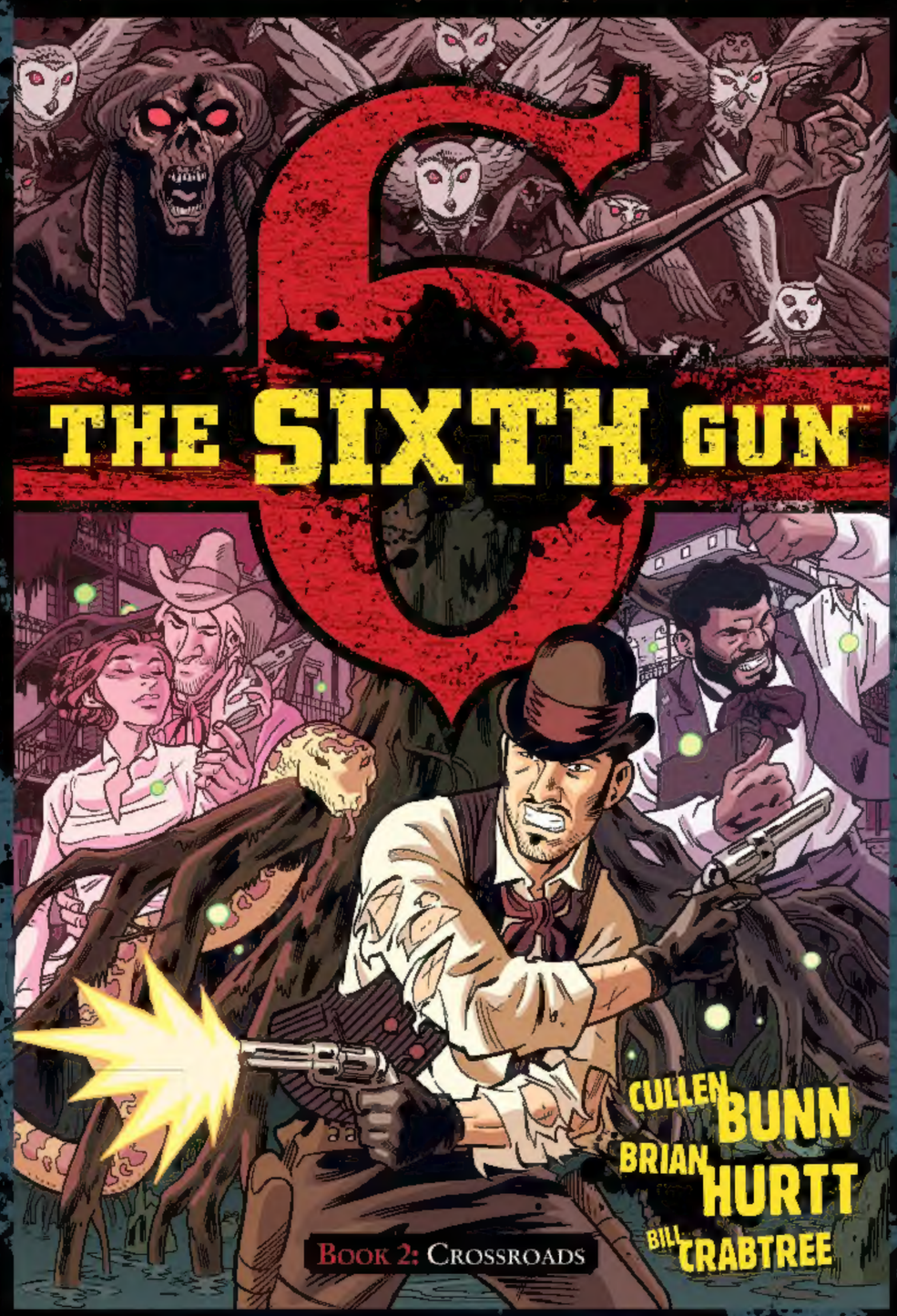
So if one day you're wandering the aisles of Powell's Books and you see me reading a book on the history of men's magazines, find me talking to myself while drinking a milkshake at the St. John's Burgerville, or notice me driving in circles around Union Station, I just might be working. I'm a professional.

MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH, SEATTLE, OCTOBER 12, 2009.

HOW THE WEST WAS REALLY WON.

"Say hello to your new favorite comic." –Matt Fraction, *The Invincible Iron Man, Casanova*

"Whacked-out western horror at its best" –Jason Aaron, *Scalped, Wolverine,* and *Punisher Max*



"Say hello to your new favorite comic."
–Matt Fraction, *The Invincible Iron Man, Uncanny X-Men*

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"With *Stumptown*, Greg Rucka gives us what all good crime fiction should have, strong characterization and a compelling plot that coils around like a rattlesnake ready to take a bite at the end. He is suitably matched by artist Matthew Southworth, whose beautifully rendered depictions are loaded with atmospheric texture and grit."

— J.H. Williams, artist of *Detective Comics* and *Promethea*

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